

Vol. CXCVI, No. 5,124

June 21 1939

## Charivaria

AN ex-detective warns us that pickpockets are now such experts that they will take money from under our very noses without being seen. This ought to discourage people from trying to hide loose change in their moustaches.

A letter posted near Whitehall took over a year to reach an address in Paris. One theory is that by some mischance it was not dealt with by the Post Office but got into the usual diplomatic channels.

"The elderly tenant of the flat above was listening to the radio, and heard nothing."—*Daily Sketch*.

Perhaps it wasn't switched on.

"Mr. —, who built up a flourishing business, started in the trade with only one horse. He leaves four sons and four daughters."

Which just shows.



A pig with a horn was born recently in South America. It is believed to be some species of road-hog.

"Clover Tea," reads an announcement. It's made with three leaves — four if you're lucky.

"Many people are now smoking their own kippers," says a writer in an East Coast paper. The fact is they'll do anything rather than pay the increased tobacco-tax.

A pickpocket who escaped by rushing into a City office in 1935 has never yet been found, we read. He must be hiding in the card-index system.



A writer in a daily says that he saw a woman put twopence in a tube-station automatic machine and heard her say "Thank you very much" when the ticket came out. It is rumoured that the L.P.T.B. is to equip these machines with a gramophone-record which will reply, "Don't mention it."

The prospectus of a well-known insurance company dealing with fêtes and carnivals contains an item relating to "Passenger-Carrying Amusement Devices (e.g., Swings, Roundabouts, Scenic Railways, etc.)." The company is confident that what it loses on one Passenger-Carrying Amusement Device it will gain on another.

"Last week I left you at the top of the swing with all the weight on the right foot."

*Golf article in Sunday Paper.*

Remembered at last, have you?



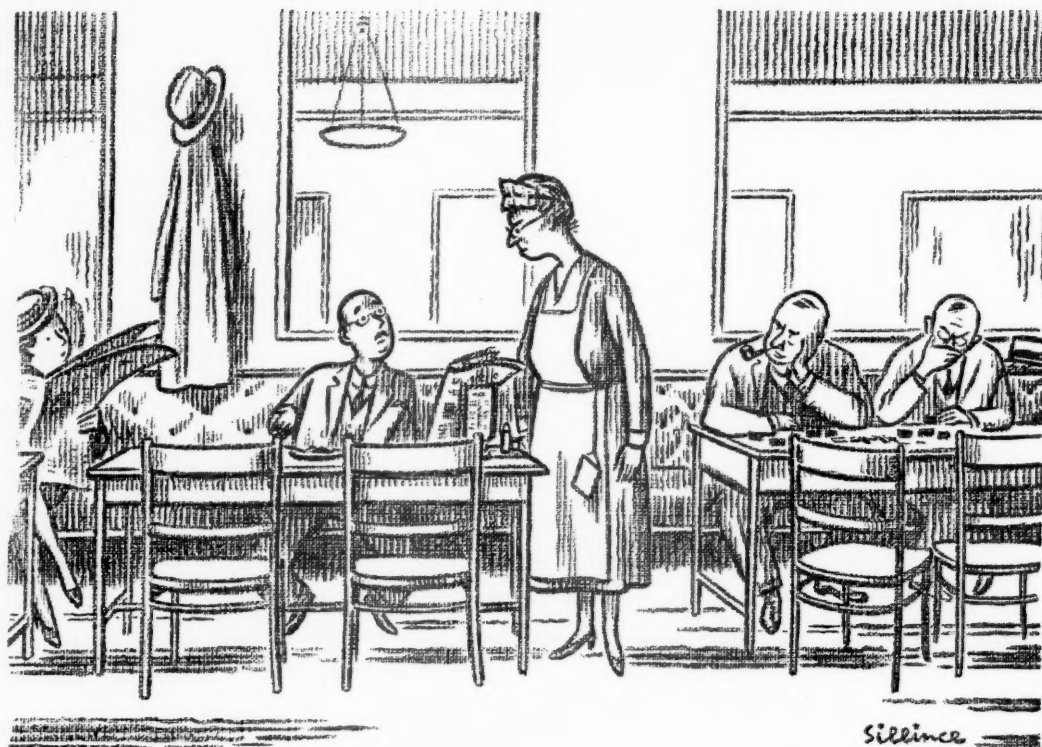
"A good poker player can run a successful business," says an authority. He does not explain what a good poker player wants with a business.

### 1066—The Truth

"At last a Norman shot up into the air, and landed in Harold's eye."

*Common Entrance Paper.*

An Englishwoman brought an action for slander against a man who had been a fellow-passenger on an ocean cruise. It is alleged that he said her passport photograph flattered her.



*"Do you mind if I don't finish all my pudding?"*

## Investigations of Hector Tumbler

Murder by Nobody

LIKE most men of genius, Hector Tumbler cared little for the conventions by which lesser men regulate their conduct. This was particularly true in his social activities. I have often heard him say that he judged men not so much by their rank or wealth as by the use they could be to him, and that he would as soon dine with a duke as with a dustman, in fact sooner.

He alternated in a bewildering fashion between the extremes of sociability and solitude. I have seen, for instance, as many as twenty debt-collectors together in his sitting-room at one time. For a few minutes Tumbler would be all smiles and affability; then quite suddenly a shade of displeasure would cross his face. I knew that sign; it meant that the great man felt the need of solitude. The debt-collectors had to go, and there was an even chance that next time they called they would find Tumbler's

door locked and barred against them, perhaps with a neatly written notice tacked on it—"Gone away. Address unknown. Please leave six dozen stout daily." Such were the elaborate precautions Tumbler took to guard his solitude.

When therefore I received an invitation from Mr. Joseph Blockhurst, the millionaire and Chairman of the Blockhurst Collapsible Girder Company, the Blockhurst Fireproof Fuel Company and other gigantic combines, to spend a week-end at Blockhurst Castle, I was rather surprised when Tumbler indicated his intention of coming with me—the more so as he had not been invited. I did my best to dissuade him, for I trembled to think how his fastidious nature would react to Mr. Blockhurst, who was in every sense of the word a self-made man. But Tumbler was adamant. Looking back on it all afterwards, I cannot help thinking that some instinct, lying, it

may be, too deep for tears, must have guided Tumbler to Blockhurst Castle that week-end.

Mr. Blockhurst's vast wealth was of very recent acquisition, and Blockhurst Castle, though by far the largest private residence in the country, had only been completed a fortnight before. Approaching it through the park, one was struck first of all by its colossal four-mile-long frontage in the Ionic style, with a full-size copy of the Great Pyramid at each end. Everything about the Castle was on the same scale. Fifty-seven guests, not counting Tumbler and myself, sat down to dinner that evening in a banquetting-hall a mile long. Dinner was served by footmen on motor-bicycles. As we took our places at table a salute of a hundred-and-one guns thundered out, and through the drifting smoke Joseph Blockhurst himself, fat and very red in the face, could be seen already eating and drinking steadily. I do not

know how it was, but to me there was a certain tasteless ostentation about it all.

If so, Tumbler did not seem to be affected by it. I could just distinguish him with the naked eye about half a mile away, making a hearty meal without paying the slightest attention to anybody. Between courses, when there seemed to be nothing else to do, he would take up his trombone, which accompanied him everywhere, and through the din I could just distinguish the strains of the Overture to Zampa. I marvelled afresh at the many-sidedness of the man who could thus make his mark in any company.

But on this scene of pomp and luxury there suddenly entered the spectre of tragedy. I looked up to find Tumbler waving his arms frantically in my direction. While I gazed in bewilderment he stood on the table and shouted furtively. The idea came into my mind that there was something he wanted to communicate to me.

Unobserved by the other guests I got up and went over to the detective. In silence he pointed to Mr. Blockhurst's chair. It was empty! And there, beneath the table, lay the financier, absolutely still!

I looked at Tumbler wildly. Perfectly calm and collected, he forced a spoonful of caviar between Mr. Blockhurst's ashen lips, turned back his eyelids, felt his heart, and tied his bootlaces together. There was not a movement.

"Dead?" I asked in a low tone.

With a grave look Tumbler removed the financier's gold watch and chain, his cuff-links and his cigar-case, and transferred them to his own pockets. Still Mr. Blockhurst did not stir.

"I'm afraid there's no doubt about it," Tumbler said without a word.

"Is it—murder?" I said slowly.

Tumbler shrugged his shoulders. "It's always murder," he said grimly.

The other guests got up from their places and crowded round the body. But Tumbler scarcely seemed to notice them. For a long time he sat staring into space, absent-mindedly writing in Mr. Blockhurst's cheque-book. What would be the end of it all, I wondered. The guests lost interest and went back to their places, where they continued to eat and drink as if nothing had happened.

Tumbler still sat on. At last a light came into his eyes and he tapped my arm with a plate of smoked salmon. I waited expectantly.

"I have it," he said slowly. "Nobody's guilty."

I gasped in sheer amazement.

"Nobody?" I said. "But I don't see . . ."

He thrust his arm through mine, and as we strolled up and down the great hall he took pity on my curiosity and explained.

"You see, it was obvious from the first that if Mr. Blockhurst had been murdered it must have been for some motive. Now all the guests had an equally strong motive—no one had a motive stronger than anyone else. *In fact nobody had any motive at all.* That's the crux of the case. Clearly nobody is guilty."

"But does that mean," I faltered, "that there hasn't been a murder at all?"

Tumbler looked at me and gave a short laugh. Somehow I felt more ashamed of my *faux pas* than if he had been really angry. He sat down and put his trombone to his lips; after one of his deductive triumphs it was his custom to solace himself with music. And even when, after a while, Mr. Joseph Blockhurst rose from under the table, rather pale and shaky, and staggered off to bed, Tumbler at least did not seem to think his triumph invalidated. He merely smiled and went on playing his trombone in silence. It was a feat, I think, of which very few trombonists would have been capable.

## Camouflage

HAVING brooded freely on  
The remarkable ability of the  
chameleon

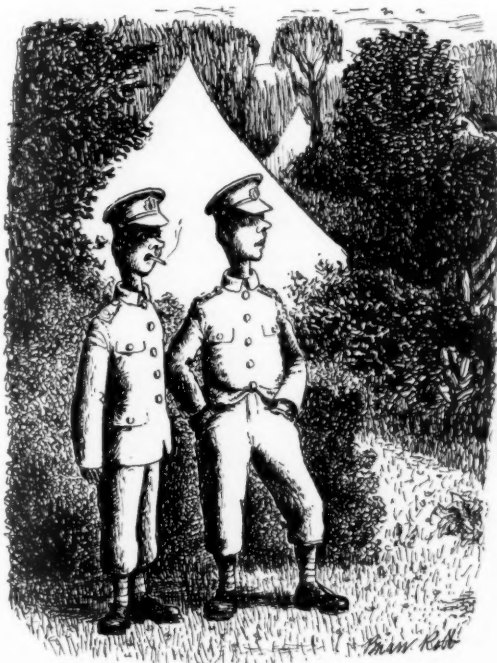
To become invisible to the naked eye  
When its baffled pursuers happen by,  
And on how the giraffe  
Habitually has the laugh  
On the hunter who hounds it  
By immediately becoming indistin-  
guishable from the boskage that  
surrounds it,

And remembering how the flea  
Is never where you expect it to be,  
And how various other creatures  
That batten on the human features  
Are never there to take the rap  
When the psychological moment  
arrives to deal them an annihilat-  
ing slap;

I still maintain that when it comes to  
a flair

For not being there,  
To a veritable genius for not  
Being, when wanted, on the spot,  
None of them is in the class  
Of that egregious ass  
The waiter who, on public occasions  
when duty requires us to dine,  
Is supposed to bring round the wine.

ALGOL.



"I always think Blighty looks its best at this time of the year."

## Welcome

or "Hiya, King!"

"QUEEN, you're lovely! And he's swell, too."  
Such words, of course, will never do.  
Your Majesties, with loyal cheers  
We fill your ever-patient ears.  
For carrying our minds and hearts  
Through many far but friendly parts;  
For conquering from either side  
The frontier none has fortified;  
For doing such a job so well;  
For being still a boy—and belle;  
We thank you. And we thank to-day  
The continent that swarmed to say  
(Although such words will never do)  
"Queen, you're lovely! And he's swell, too."

A. P. H.

## War and Games

LIKE everybody else I had the next Crisis down in my engagement calendar for September. Then I met a man who has spent the last three weeks in France, and he tells me that everyone he spoke to over there expects war next month. He didn't say what part of the month—just July. And now I have a copy of *News Review* in front of me which says, "Military opinion in London is that August 1st is the earliest date by which trouble can be expected, but by Foreign Office reckoning serious disturbance in Europe is unlikely before August 30th or thereabouts."

My own view, speaking as a man whose holiday is scheduled to start on September 1st, is that one date in August is just about as inconvenient as another. I have searched high and low for somebody to tell me that Hitler will do nothing before October but I get no satisfaction. "No, no," they say, "the beginning of September at the latest." They say it has something to do with the harvest, or if they don't say that, they mention the Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg or, failing that, they say that Ribbentrop needs a new triumph this summer to counter-balance his loss of face over the Anglo-Turkish agreement. As if I cared how much face Ribbentrop loses. He could lose the whole thing, as far as I can see, and nobody be a penny the worse off. And what in the name of goodness has the Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg to do with my holiday?

Still, I must keep my temper, I suppose.

ONE thing that has done me a lot of good is the news that the Olympic Games are to be held in London in 1944. I do admire the men who came to that decision. You and I who scarcely dare to make plans beyond next Saturday, would have found a hundred and one objections to such a scheme. We should have argued that London will be a smouldering heap of ruins by August 30th at the latest. We should have pointed out the difficulty of organising games at all at a time when civilisation as we know it will

have come to an end. We should have dwelt with some emphasis on the impossibility of securing runners to carry the sacred flame from Greece across a Europe in the grip of war. Even to-day, while we still enjoy the blessings of peace, this last item would not, I believe, be altogether easy to arrange. In 1936, when the last Olympic Games were held, the relay runners carried the flame to Berlin without any more serious incident than a tendency on the part of the torch to blow out in the more windy regions of the Balkans. But nowadays, when every frontier is manned and movement from country to country rigorously checked, it would be a far more ticklish job. I doubt if the runners would get through. Any man seen running with a torch in South-Eastern Europe would certainly be shot. You can't open a window, they tell me, in Czecho-Slovakia without getting a bullet through it. Small hope, then, for a man running with a torch; he might be on his way to burn down the Reichstag.

The Greeks of course thought nothing of holding the Games while they were all at war. The fact is that if they had cancelled them just because there was a war on they would never have held them at all. So they arranged a Holy Truce for the duration of the Festival, and all the combatants laid down their spears and gathered at Elis for a little discuss-throwing and so on. No record, so far as I know, has come down to us of the precise code of behaviour observed at the Games between the representatives of states actually at war, but I expect they were very nice about it all. (The thing to do was to find a Barbarian lurking about somewhere behind the grandstand and raise the alarm. Nothing united the Greeks so quickly as the sight of a Barbarian. They were very hot on Barbarians, those old Greeks.) Alcibiades—you remember Alcibiades, brilliant but rather a rakehell—well, Alcibiades went to the games right bang in the middle of the Peloponnesian War and impressed everyone by the magnificence of his chariot-work. Spartans smacked him on the back, made a mental note that Athens wasn't nearly down and out yet if she could turn out an equipage like that, and went home to prosecute the war, feeling all the better for the rest.

BUT is such a thing possible to-day? The organisers of the Olympic Games in London, 1944, clearly think it is. They have talked the thing over and come to the conclusion, remembering Christmas Day 1914 perhaps, that the day of the Holy Truce is not over. I applaud their faith and courage, but I have my doubts. I am not at all sure, for instance, whether there might not be some trouble over the number of spectators permitted to come here from enemy countries. A truce is a truce, but we shouldn't want all our ports bunged up with those Strength Through Joy ships—to name no names. And what about military secrets? The Greeks, you see, held their games in Elis, and from all one hears there were precious few military secrets in Elis. But in London—in 1944, just about the time when all the druggist-makers and ferrule-polishers will be coming off the Reserved List, we shall have to be careful.

Still, as I say, this decision about the Olympic Games has cheered me up immensely. It is just possible, I am told, that the Olympic Council are working on the assumption that there won't be a war in 1944. Can you imagine anything more heartening than that? That there should be a large body of men willing to go ahead with their plans in the belief that serious disturbance in Europe is unlikely before August 30th or thereabouts *nineteen-forty-four*. It makes me feel twice the man.

Unless of course they think it will be over by then.

H. F. E.



### THE HALL OF MIRRORS

"Now then, Fritz, which of them *is* me?"

[A new Foreign Publicity Department has been announced by the Prime Minister.]



"But there—what's the use of it without our cameras?"

## Midsummer Madness

IN view of the now rapidly approaching prize-giving season, the following somewhat abbreviated specimen speech has been prepared, available to those whose names appear in *Debrett* and *Who's Who*, in order to save the time and labour of prospective prize-givers.

As to verbal punctuation, which undoubtedly fills in many useful minutes in a speech of half an hour's duration, a simple "Er" is to be discouraged as being too well-worn. The interjection, "Thegoothegarthehum," on the other hand, should only be used by the most experienced speakers or by those of very high title, and the rank-and-file of prize-distributors are advised to fall back on the audible swallow ("Gumtiga") as a reliable *via media*. Suitable points for verbal punctuation are indicated only in the opening paragraphs and in the peroration of the specimen speech.

Afterwards, when the prizes are being distributed, it is recommended that the same formula be used in the

case of each prize-winner: "Congratulations, Jones minor," or other name, will only sound monotonous in the ears of the prize-giver himself, and is much to be preferred, as an accompaniment to the handshake, to the gratified grunt or the good-natured chuckle, each of which has on occasions invited reprisals.

### THE SPEECH

MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND—MY DEAR BOYS,—When I first received an invitation from your headmaster (*thegoothegarthehum*) to come down to-day, my first sensation was one of the overwhelming honour that had been done me, but my second (*thegoothegarthehum*) was one of some horror that I had attained a dignity of years that had qualified me for the (*thegoothegarthehum*) senatorial task that now lies before me.

I had, however, to think (*gumtiga*) of what I should say to you all, for it was perfectly clear to me that it would be a very sad affair (*gumtiga*)

were I to present myself here to-day without any prepared speech, and so prove a disappointment to several important classes of people (*gumtiga*) who have a right to consideration.

First, there is your own highly esteemed headmaster (*look at him in a markedly friendly way and await applause*), who has taken the step of inviting me to address you, for, were I to turn out to have nothing to say, a considerable degree of responsibility would unhappily attach itself to him in respect of my failure.

Secondly, there are the Governors of this great school (*very short pause for possible applause*): they too are not entirely immune from criticism, and were it to appear that I had omitted to arm myself with what they are undoubtedly entitled to expect from me by way of some sort of suitable oration, they might also be the object of adverse comment, however indirect.

Thirdly, there is the admirable staff of assistant masters (*no pause*)

that I see in their places: were I to fail them at this juncture, their loyalty to your headmaster and the Governors of the school might be subjected to unmerited strain, in view of possible inquiries from members of the school as to how it had happened that those in authority had failed to avail themselves of someone who, if present in my place, might have delivered himself of something he had prepared to say to you.

Fourthly, there are the parents of the boys, many of whom have come some distance to be present: if they were to find me unprepared in the way I have indicated, they might not unreasonably argue that those responsible had not exercised sufficient prevision in selecting an individual, on a not unimportant occasion, to address a few words to those present this afternoon. And if the standard of education has risen in recent years, fees, payable in advance, have assuredly not declined.

Lastly, there are the boys themselves, and we should not under-estimate their understanding on such a day as this. The mind of the modern boy is very alert and critical, and you may be sure he might well enough perceive any failure of a speaker to, in his language, "come up to the scratch."

The responsibility, therefore, which lay on me as I made these reflections, with your headmaster's invitation lying before me, was considerable, with regard not merely to the need of saying *something* on the occasion but further with regard to actually *what* I should say, and in short, I found myself continually asking myself, once I had decided not to leave the invitation unanswered, "What, in the event of my accepting it—WHAT shall I say to those boys?"

And at once a very vital thought assailed me—namely, that standing here with so many beautiful prizes before me I must address not only words of congratulation to those who had won those prizes but also something of condolence to those less fortunate boys who had *not* won those prizes. First of all, then, I wish to make it clear that it is without any sort of doubt of any kind an excellent thing to win a prize at school. (*Here drink water emphatically to indicate a suitable place for applause.*) Those, I repeat, who have gained one or more prizes have deserved well of their school, their teachers and their country.

But (*smile here*) it is certain that not everyone can win a prize. Consider (*smile more broadly*) the state of any school in which every boy was a prizewinner. (*Pause for laughter.*) You will

indeed agree with me that such a state of affairs would considerably detract from the undoubted prowess of those scholars who had, by dint of hard toil, made themselves masters of the prizes which I now see lying in such profusion before me. There are, therefore, among your numbers some who have not—this year at any rate—got a prize at all. Next year it may—probably will—be different, but this year is not next year, and in the meantime I do just want to say this to those boys that have *not* won a prize. (*Impressive pause here.*) Many of the greatest men who have climbed to the very top of the ladders of success in the various professions open to them passed through their school careers without ever bearing away a single prize of any sort! (*Pause.*) Please bear that in mind, you less fortunate ones who have not to-day the privilege of receiving from my unworthy hands any prize at all. Your heritage is indeed a fair one.

(*Much more may be made of course of this inexhaustible subject.*)

Lastly, it struck me as possible that some one of you prize-winners might say to himself, when turning over the leaves of his prize this evening or on a future occasion, "Now who *was* the kindly old buffer (*pause for laughter*)

who took me by the hand and murmured words of congratulations when I won this prize?" Such an eventuality strikes me still as possible, so, not to cause disappointment, I will outline very briefly the career by which I my humble self have climbed to the very eminent position which I so unworthily fill to-day.

(*Here follows your autobiography, mentioning titles, directorships of companies, telephone number, etc.*)

From such small beginnings, dear boys, has the individual that stands before you for a few moments to-day risen to his present position in our national life, and such a career is certainly not beyond the power of any of you that sit before me to attain—if only you are industrious (*gumtiga*), if only you are full of zeal (*gumtiga*), and if only you devote yourselves wholeheartedly to the great causes of which the great world outside (*gumtiga*) is so prolific to-day.

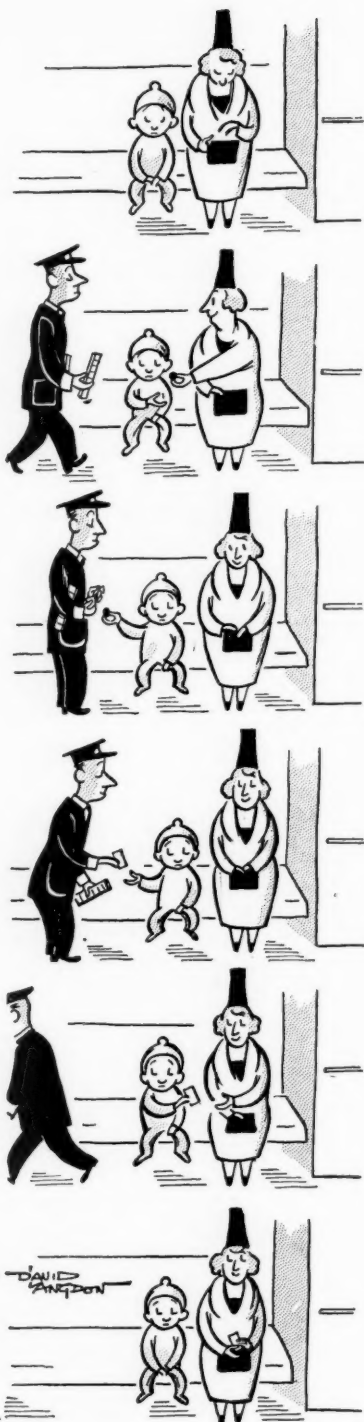
(*This or similar peroration should be learned by heart and practised going down in the train.*)

NOTE.—By this time the prize-giver should be able to judge whether the response of the meeting to the speech would justify (a) a request for a half-holiday, or (b) the presentation of, say, a pair of antlers to the school.



"Is that you, Ma? I'm on my first assignment."

## Battle Eve



Delegation

AS soon as I entered the room I realised that something untoward had occurred. Mr. Herbertson, of the Bank, was lying on his back on the floor, while the young man from the Council Offices held his head firmly and the little man who always comes in late was pushing a long piece of wood (technically termed "a splint") up into his arm-pit.

Admittedly, this should not have been at all surprising. When a First-Aid lecture is timed to begin at seven, one would naturally expect some sort of medical activity at seven-fifteen. This is not usual, however, with our class. Normally we assemble gradually and then sit round a little iron stove, which smells very hot without giving out any heat at all, talking about all sorts of interesting things, like bulbs, until the doctor comes in. He says: "You may smoke, gentlemen," and we all knock out our pipes and borrow cigarettes from each other and listen to the doctor. He is a very Scotch doctor and he gives a spirited translation of the week's chapter in our handbook into his native Doric. If we have found the chapter before he begins we can follow many of his remarks. After about half an hour the doctor says, "Any questions, please?" which is his way of saying "Good night," and rises rapidly and walks out. So we go on talking about bulbs until a fat man comes in with a small bucket of sand. He puts the bucket on the top of the stove and then we all go home. I have sometimes been tempted to ask the doctor at question-time why the fat man puts the bucket on the stove, but I have never dared to do this yet.

Still, to-night, as I was saying, it was all different. So I left my garden-syringe, which Mr. Herbertson had promised to try to mend for me, on the hat-peg and said, "What is it?" Mr. Herbertson said that it was a compound fracture of the thigh, page thirty. I said, "No, I don't mean that. I mean why are you doing all this before the doctor comes?" Then they all told me. The examinations were next week. This upset me very much. I said, "Oh. What are we going to do about it?"

"Well," said Mr. Herbertson, "we must take it all very seriously this evening, you know."

"That's right," said the little man. And I sighed. Then the doctor came in and said, "You may smoke, gentlemen."

He seemed rather surprised when we all got out our books very rapidly

and didn't try to borrow anyone's cigarettes, but he went on, "We'll have Burrows and Scalds to-night," and started his translation. I really did try to concentrate, but all I could think of was how appropriate the subject of Burrows was to the doctor's accent. Before I knew where I was the doctor was saying: "Any questions, please?" and making for the door.

"Any questions, please?"

"Yes," said Mr. Herbertson, and "Just a few, Doctor," said the little man, and, "If you will kindly cast your eye over this little list . . . ?" said the young man from the Council Offices. The doctor came back.

"You see," I said apologetically, "the exam is next week."

The doctor's brow cleared. He sat down at the table again and opened his translation exercises. "Now," he said (or rather, "Noo"), "fire away."

We held fire for a moment, then the little man said: "Well, Doctor, there's a point about arteries I'd like clearing up."

The doctor looked surprised. Arteries were in Lesson One.

"It's that map, as you might say, that isn't clear to me—not what you might really call clear," the little man went on.

WE all looked at the coloured chart of the Flayed Man on the wall. It is an interesting picture and we had sat in front of it for eight lessons. It had always seemed to me that the man had a pained look which was curiously appropriate to one in his condition. All his interior organs were brightly coloured and clearly numbered, and an explanatory table was printed in the top right-hand corner. It had always given me a pleasant thrill to look at Organ No. 4 and say, "Let me see, that ought to be . . ." Then I would look at the table and read "No. 4: The Heart," and pat myself on the back for being correct. I often wished that I could remember some of the other numbers too.

"Now," said the little man, "the arteries, which, if I remember rightly, carry Bad Blood—"

"Good Blood," said the doctor.

"—or rather," said the little man, "Good Blood to the Heart . . . or"—here he looked at the doctor's expression and continued, "or rather from the Heart—the arteries, as I was saying, are Done in Red. Am I right?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"The Veins, which are depicted on

the other side of the body, and which—and which do the opposite work from that done by the arteries”—(there was a faint cheer at this admirable sentence)—“in the opposite direction—the Veins, as I was saying, are Done in Blue. Am I right?”

We all looked at the Flayed Man. Yes, the veins, in blue, were shown on one side and the arteries, in red, on the other, with little numbers where you press if the blood, good or bad, escapes. Everyone intending to be a patient in the hands of a first-aid man, by the way, should have these important numbers tattooed on him; it will simplify matters considerably.

“Now, what I want to know,” continued the little man triumphantly, “is: Are the veins on my body on my right-hand side, like I’m standing now, *facing* the picture, and the arteries on my left-hand side, or are the arteries on my right, like I’m standing now, with my *back* to the picture, looking in the same direction as the man, and my veins on my left?” Then he sat down.

FOR some moments the doctor looked at the little man in silence. He seemed to be translating the speech he had just heard into Scotch, which must have been difficult. Then he seemed to be preparing his answer in Scotch and trying to translate it into English, which was apparently impossible. Then we all saw it and, headed by Mr. Herbertson, we began to explain to the little man about the arteries and the veins being on *both* sides of the body really, and about the picture being done in that way, showing arteries on one side and veins on the other, simply to make it clearer to see. The little man was very disappointed at this explanation when he understood it, and he looked at the chart in a most resentful manner. He said that he had grown used to thinking of his veins (in blue) being all on his right (or left) side and his arteries (in red) being on the other, and this alteration was going to make things much harder for him in the examination.

The doctor, who had meantime been breathing deeply but saying nothing, now muttered: “Has any other body a question?” and looked in a threatening manner at us all. I immediately abandoned my own question about the fat man and the bucket of sand as being dangerous in the circumstances, but our plumber, a very strong-willed man, spoke up fearlessly. “Yes, Doctor,” he said, “I’ve a little problem for you.”

The doctor grunted something northern which the plumber took for

encouragement and the following conversation took place:—

Plumber: It’s about your fourth lecture, on Sign-Cope, if you remember?

Doctor: On what?

Plumber: On Sign-Cope. Fainting, you know: another word for fainting.

Doctor: Sign— Oh yes, I see: you mean . . . Oh, carry on.

Plumber: That’s right. Sign-Cope. Well, I called in at the “Dolphin,” out Bettesford way, last month. I was having a pint in the bar when an oldish sort of chap what was sitting in a chair, same as I am now, see?—(sits down)—just flopped. Like this. (Here gives a vivid impersonation of an old man suddenly pole-axed from the rear.) Yes, he just flopped. So I says to myself, “That’s Sign-Cope, that is: Sign-Cope like what the doctor told us about”—only you called it fainting, but it calls it Sign-Cope in the book . . .

Doctor: Yes, yes, what then?

Plumber: Well, I says to myself. “What this chap needs is fresh air into his corpuscles—”

Doctor: Into his— Oh, all right.

Plumber: Yes, fresh air. So I tells my mates what to do and we lifts the chap, chair and all, right out of the pub into the fresh air. So it could get at his corpuscles. Now was that right?

Doctor: Certainly. Did you loosen his collar?

Plumber: Yes.

Doctor: And dash some cold water on his face?

Plumber: Yes.

Doctor: That’s right. And what happened?

Plumber: He died.

WHAT would have happened if the Doctor had said the things that I could see running up and down his throat trying to get into his mouth I do not know, but he never got the chance to say them, for at that moment fate walked in and put a small bucket of sand on the top of the stove and we all went home very quickly.

Yet somehow, you know, I don’t feel any easier about that examination.



“Just because you haven’t been to a public school you think you know everything!”

## Reactions

**H**OW did the foreign Press react to what Mr. Chamberlain said in the House last week? Do not trouble to reply, because for one thing I can read it in practically any newspaper for myself. What is important is that I have had the rather brilliant idea of introducing a similar note into our Parish Magazine.

Not that I want Little Fiddle-on-the-Green's reactions to any statement of Mr. Chamberlain's, because those we shall get anyway over many a breakfast-table—also in the Lads' Reading-Room, the Women's Institute and at the "Plumber's Head." No, no. We must think of something else—something perhaps a shade more *intime*.

So what about tabulating the local reactions to this extraordinary rumour that General and Mrs. Battlegate are going to take their summer holiday separately this year?

In well-informed circles, it is stated that this question is receiving much attention. Mr. and Mrs. Pledge, at The Cottage, devoted the whole of one breakfast to a full discussion. This is an innovation, said Mr. Pledge, and a dam' silly one too. Mrs. Pledge said that it was difficult to understand, and yet on the other hand she *could* understand it perfectly, and she believed it was very modern, only it was difficult to see what the Battlegates wanted with modern ideas at their time of life.



Young Cyril came down to breakfast far too late to join in the discussion, which was, however, reported to him later. He said "Pah!"

*Aunt Emma (on a post-card):* What does it all mean dear? Nothing, it seems to me, is sacred in these days.

*Miss Littlemug (over the telephone):* I was very much surprised. Almost astonished. Of course, dear, if you say there's nothing in it, I'm bound to believe you, and I only hope from the bottom of my heart that you're right. I can't hear what you're saying. I think the line's out of order. No one can think more highly of the dear Battlegates than I do myself, and if an angel from heaven had come down for the express purpose of telling me that there was trouble between them I should simply have replied—Wrong number? Then why couldn't you have said so before?

*Uncle Egbert (an obviously inspired statement):* Well, well, well, I dare say the General will get hold of a few old cronies and paint the town red. Something to be said for a holiday *eng garçong*, as the French call it. Still, as your Aunt Emma says . . .

*Miss Dodge:* Personally, Miss Plum and I remain faithful to dear old Weston-super-Mare.

*Miss Plum.* (See above.)

*Priscilla (to whom a full report was sent from my own hand by post):* Darling, I loved your letter. I quite thought I'd answered it ages ago. I've bought mauve pyjamas to take to Corsica!!!

*Miss Pin:* Fancy!

*The Admiral:* Poor old Battlegate—

*Poor Miss Flagge:* Poor dear Mrs. Battlegate—

*Old Lady Flagge:* I never heard such nonsense in my life! What next? If the whole of English society is to be disrupted in this way I shall be forced to go and live in the backwoods of British Columbia, where I understand that the sun never sets.

No comment has been received from Canon Pramm. Conjecture prevails in certain sections as to whether the Canon may not introduce a veiled (or unveiled) reference to the ideology underlying the proposed action from the pulpit on Sunday next.

**STOP PRESS.**—A statement has been issued from "Dhera Dhoon" personally dictated by Mrs. Battlegate:—

"The General and myself have engaged our usual rooms at Scarborough. Our only deviation from routine will be a stop of one night in London in order that we may attend the Annual Reunion Dinner of the Old Sahibs' Tiffin Association." E.M.D.



HER INFINITE VARIETY



POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS—THE PEOPLE BEHIND

## The World's Fair

II

**P**ERHAPS one of the most fascinating, because one of the most intimate, of the smaller exhibits in the British Pavilion is that organised by the Amalgamated Association of Hotel, Boarding and Lodging-House Owners and Keepers. Although it is situated on the fifth floor it is impossible to overlook it; as at home, one encounters at every corner the familiar sign:—

DRINK  
BUBBLES  
BEER  
ENGLISH HOTEL EXHIBIT  
5th Floor

The entrance is designed in the latest Brewery-Tudor. Each diminutive doorway has its own queue, each false window its own wrought-iron candle (electric), each bell-rope its (concealed) electric contact, each door its (unintelligible) Gothic lettering. Nor will the visitor be shocked by any innovation in the entrance-suite. There is no hall-porter, the reception office is cunningly concealed under the stairs, the telephone is out of order, and railway time-tables and the *Dental Mechanics Journal* are no later than 1937.

Passing through the billiards-room (table by Ambush, 1891) we reach the series of model hotel rooms. The promoters of the exhibition have not been afraid to face reality; while they have not been able to show a typical

apartment-house room owing to the impossibility of getting an adequate view of a gasometer, the reproduction of the commercial room in the Railway Hotel, Buffington Junction, is a remarkable contribution to contemporary art. The steel engravings of Landseer are originals—the promoters were overwhelmed with loan offers—while the twenty-seven aspidistras would each arouse envy at Kew Gardens. The wallpaper is pure William Morris, the gas lamps are from the Gas Light and Coke Company's own museum, and the massive but tarnished soup-tureen and cruet involved literally three weeks' research in the Caledonian Market. Perhaps the greatest triumph of the exhibit is the unmistakably authentic atmosphere that pervades the room.

Sir Achilles Pushbutton, Under-Secretary for Civilian Defence, said laughingly as he opened the exhibit, "It reminds me slightly of my first gas course," but of course the scent of geraniums is absent.

Contrast this homely but familiar scene with the replica of the lounge in a modern railway hotel. Here is shown the small boudoir from the Spreadeagles Hotel, a room used as a model for the recently decorated Strangers' Dining Room at the House of Commons. A plush magenta carpet, rivalling in thickness that of any West End cinema, covers every inch of the floor. In the fireplace burn three magnificent (gas) logs, and every radiator adds its quota to the genial warmth and comfort. Eighty-four identical chairs face twenty-one identical tables. On each table rests an up-to-date time-table, cunningly bound with a guide to those bus services in which the railway company has a financial interest, whilst the more general literature, such as "Pullman Service at Home and Abroad," "Accident Insurance for Railway Passengers" and "The Square Deal and What it Will Mean to You," fill the one bookshelf. Interesting photographs such as Llandudno in the nineties and a cross-Channel steamer in mid-Channel adorn the walls, whilst over the hearth hangs that masterpiece, the famous coloured photograph of Windsor Castle. It is indeed a room to dream in.

**B**UT hurrying past the models of hotels down the ages, about which one must confess there is a slight touch of monotony, we reach the chief work of the exhibit, the hotel kitchen.

Never before have the public been permitted to see, actually at work, so many of the secrets of the hotel cook. It is not generally known, for example, that most hotels buy their custard-powder by the ton every year between Easter and Whit. Examine the Mutterseigal soup-micrometer, for accurate measurement of each portion of soup, indispensable in every hotel kitchen. Wandering at random, we may observe a small hand-press for printing labels for wine bottles as required, the fast-stain range of colours for tinting sauces, the latest hydrometer for determining the moisture-content of cabbage, the new electro-centrifugal toast soggener, the coffee-extractor (by an ingenious machine, four out of every five coffee beans are extracted before roasting and replaced by a synthetic product consisting largely of arrowroot, French chalk and friar's balsam. The saving is enormous). A device (marketed by a

well-known rubber company) for thickening the skin on boiled milk, the Thanatos cheese identifier, and of course a full range of tinned fruits, passing from the familiar prune to the heights of tinned peaches.

And as a centre-piece, sealed with the seal of the Institut des Gastronomes (British Section), hangs the Standard All-the-Year-Round Hotel Menu. What memories does it conjure up—but no matter, you know it by heart.

To the Englishman the whole exhibit will give rise to that *malaise*, that homesickness, so eternally linked

with the thought of an hotel. To the native American or to the foreign visitor it will reveal an aspect of English life that they may have discovered for themselves but which they have never before understood.

Visitors will be glad to hear that as a concession to American habits a lift to the fifth floor is installed.

o o

#### Change for a Sovereign

"When the King was on holiday in Canada he went to see the Quids."

Schoolgirl's Essay.



"Just like champagne."  
"Don't be a snob."



*"Too bad you couldn't come, Miss Clitberoe. I'm sure we'd have got on splendidly."*

### Evensongs

**W**HEN I am eighty-five and rather sweet,  
With knobby hands and pince-nez, I shall  
sit,  
My children's children gathered round my feet,  
Dispensing wisdom, worldliness and wit.

As I describe to them this far-off day  
Their tender laughs shall counteract my wheeze,  
Their blue believing eyes will stare as they  
Lean on my unconfirmed and feeble knees.

"Tell us," they'll cry, "about balloon barrages,  
And Mr. Chamberlain and Colonel Beck,  
And cinemas and beacons and garages,  
And how Ruthenia got it in the neck."

Well, I shall tell them something really fruity,  
Culled from the hazy dreams of might-have-been;  
Of how I fought the Spaniards at Djibuti  
And fled from Egypt with Queen Geraldine.

But when they ask me, as I fear they may,  
To sing them all the songs that once were sung,  
How can my venerable trills convey  
The magic of the tunes when I was young?

How can I say to some enchanting boy  
His Grandpapa and I were wont to sing  
"A Flat-foot Floogie with a Floy Floy"  
And "Jeepers Creepers" and "The Highland Swing"?

How can I bear to see his startled face,  
Who always thought his Granny sentimental  
(A dove-grey figure swathed in yards of lace,  
Quaveringly warbling something continental)?

Will he enjoy it when from out my bag  
I pull a mouth-organ, or perhaps a comb,  
And give a rendering of the "Tiger Rag"?  
"What about 'Trees,'" he'll say, "or 'Home, Sweet Home'?"

Then I will lie, to make his childhood sweeter,  
And sing him bits out of the "Cinema Star,"  
"Vilya," and "A Little Pink Petti from Peter,"  
"The Girl in the Taxi" and "Under the Deodar."

Yes, I will hum a bar or two of "Sally"  
So badly that the boy is moved to tears;  
And though I "whiffenpoofed" with Rudy Vallée,  
I will gainsay it with "The Gondoliers." V. G.



### A MIDSUMMER DAY'S PLEA

*Pyramus.* "Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Show me thy chink." ("A Midsummer Night's Dream" Act V Sc. 1)

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN recently referred to "a sort of wall between the British and Russian Governments which it is extremely difficult to penetrate."]

A

T

W

n

n

M

m

d

re

H

w

M

ki

ti

al

w

m

w

an

te

ex

af

E

FE

of

to

## Impressions of Parliament

### Synopsis of the Week

**Monday, June 12th.**—Lords: Debate on Foreign Affairs.

Commons: Civil Defence Bill considered in Committee.

**Tuesday, June 13th.**—Lords: National Trust Bill taken in Committee. Charitable Collections (Regulation) Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: Civil Defence Bill considered in Committee.

**Wednesday, June 14th.**—Lords: Debate on Hospital Evacuation.

Commons: Civil Defence Bill given Third Reading.

**Monday, June 12th.**—Lord HALIFAX not being able to say much that was new, as Mr. STRANG was on his way to Moscow, Lord MOTTISTONE made the most interesting contribution to the debate on foreign affairs which was resumed this afternoon in the Upper House. He began by saying that he was an unrepentant champion of Munich and of "conference before the killing begins." He urged that the time had come for us to propose the abolition of the submarine, which, while it survived, "was an announcement that our Christian professions were as naught," and which was anyway "as dead as the Dodo" technically so long as the great expense of countering it could be afforded. If only three men, two in Europe and one in the Pacific, would

agree, all the submarines in the world could be towed out into deep water and sunk. He was quite certain that the spirit of this country was far firmer than it was in 1914; and he



Mr. HERBERT MORRISON. "MORE MEN TO THE WALLS!"

begged that if a Ministry of Propaganda were formed it should stick to the truth.

The only out-and-out opponent of the Government was Lord DAVIES, who did not mince his words. In his view Lord HALIFAX, who had now been doling out soothing syrup for a long time, had mesmerised the House last Thursday with a speech which only showed once more the split in the Cabinet between appeasement and collective security. The Government had descended to pre-war power politics, and were making a sad mess of things.

About a certain complacency in this speech Lord HALIFAX was gently funny, and went on to say that: An attempt to employ force at Danzig would involve Britain; the rumour that some of our troops at Shanghai were to be withdrawn was unfounded; the Government took a very serious view of the TINKLER case; their present diplomacy was an essential preliminary to the larger work of reconstructing the League. Finally, he put two vital points to the House. One was that force would be met by force, and the other was that if force were laid aside this country would do its utmost to reach a fair settlement by negotiation.

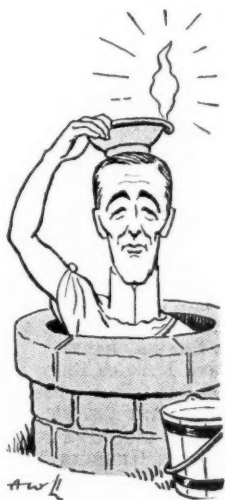
It is about as likely that this part of his speech will be fairly quoted in the German Press as it is that Herr HITLER will take his holiday this summer at Skegness.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN assured the Commons that the Government had every intention of salvaging the *Thetis*. His motion setting up a tribunal of inquiry was approved by both parties of the Opposition, as was also the decision to appoint three skilled assessors to give the tribunal technical advice.

In further debate on the Civil Defence Bill Sir JOHN ANDERSON declared that the Government was not against deep shelters because of their expense but because it was impossible to provide them for everyone.

**Tuesday, June 13th.**—The Lords had a discussion on the National Trust Bill which they cheerfully agreed was entirely out of order, and then gave a Second Reading to another Bill which is to limit the number of people at our doors saying, "Could you spare a little for the Society for—?"

The Misleading Case of the Oxford Group went a stage further this afternoon when Mr. STANLEY, in reply to Mr. A. P. HERBERT, announced that he had decided to allow the application of the Group to be registered as a



### FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL

"If we should think of reviving a Ministry of Propaganda it should be confined strictly to telling the truth."—Lord MOTTISTONE.



### ST. DAVIES

"... all sense of courage, of honesty, of intelligence, and all sense of political virtue, of which I drew the conclusion from his speech that he had a comparative monopoly."

Lord HALIFAX on Lord DAVIES.



*"Curious thing! Nobody seems to know the origin of it."*

company under its present name. Mr. HERBERT then asked Mr. STANLEY whether, as the guardian of commercial morality, he had taken due note of Mr. Justice BENNETT's very severe comments on the Group's financial methods? To this Mr. STANLEY pointed out that as a result of his action the Group would now have to keep proper accounts like a good little company; and when he added that the articles were to include a declaration that the Group had no association whatever with either Oxford University or the Oxford Society, Mr. HERBERT asked if that was not "a final exhibition of the entire dishonesty of these canting cheats?" He could scarcely get away with that, and Mr. SPEAKER sadly gave him fifty lines.

The Opposition hammered on about the Bank for International Settlements, and were again reminded by the CHANCELLOR that it had no connection with the British Government, who were therefore unable to speak for it. Mr. BOOTHBY joined in the hunt, suggesting that under present conditions a lot of people thought the Bank might be put into cold storage.

We seem to have heard somewhere of frozen credits.

Waiting the outcome of negotiations, Mr. BUTLER had nothing fresh to say about Tientsin.

As amended this evening, the Civil Defence Bill carries a clause to oblige owners of large blocks of luxury flats to build shelters unless more than half the residents object. The cost is to be added to the rent and spread over a number of years.

Wednesday, June 14th.—There was a good discussion in the Lords on the emergency evacuation of hospitals, Lord CRAIGMYLE and other peers urging the Government to make adequate provision. In reply Lord LUCAN told them that by the end of July 100,000 additional beds would have been distributed to existing hospitals, and that new buildings had been decided on to house over 30,000 beds in England and Wales and over 9,000 beds in Scotland. The London region had been divided into ten sectors, each dominated by one of the great teaching hospitals.

The German Consul at Liverpool having been shown to have dabbled in

espionage, his Government have been asked to remove him, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN told the Commons. He doesn't seem to have been very good at it, anyway.

Led by Mr. KIRKWOOD, a number of Members gave Mr. SHAKESPEARE advice about submarines. Mr. KIRKWOOD thought they should be fitted with shackle-plates through which rescue-hawsers could be threaded, Mr. BEN SMITH suggested telephonic communication with the surface in peace-time, and Mr. McLAREN asked why a submarine on trial should not release a stream of oil which her escort could follow? All these and many other dodges were being considered, said Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

The Civil Defence Bill got its Third Reading after tributes had been paid to Sir JOHN ANDERSON's handling of his huge task and after a remarkable speech by Mr. HERBERT MORRISON in which he urged British citizens to show how well democracy worked by enrolling for A.R.P.

On the adjournment Lt.-Commander FLETCHER raised the question of Italian war material left in Spain. Fruitlessly.

## A Hat For Susan

"WHAT'S getting us mathematics mistresses a bad name," I said to Susan, "is just our inability to cope with these new hats. Let's see what they've sent, anyway."

Susan shook her head. "I can't wear any of them," she said firmly. "Not with my face."

"With these hats," I said, spreading some out on the bed, "faces hardly matter. Mental attitude is everything. The hat of the moment spells courage, enterprise, resource, gaiety. We must get into harmony with it. Mathematics may be our profession," I went on, "but must it be our life? Should cold logic plan our dress? We must think of the girls, Susan. We must put more poetry into our hats if we want to give them a higher opinion of algebra. Try this," I added, holding up a little affair of water-lilies and a wisp of veil. Susan waved it away.

"Nothing like that," she stated, "will settle on my head. It's different from other heads. Too full of logarithms or something."

"What about this?" I asked, picking out a little saucepan made of straw and trimmed with radishes. Susan somewhat grimly inclined her head, and I placed the airy trifle respectfully on her side parting.

"You see what I mean?" Susan said. I saw.

"Here's a small curly one," I began again brightly. "Put it right at the back . . . No, perhaps not. Well, what about this?"

"I shall wear my old brown felt," Susan declared in a voice that trembled slightly.

"Not at the garden-party," I begged. "The girls won't like it. After all, it's up to us to show them that one can take  $x$  to the  $n$ th power, and dig for cube roots, and still be feminine. Now here's a darling—and really it's *you*: just a plait of silk, and you mix it into your hair like this."

Susan regarded the effect silently, but did not immediately snatch off the hat. Encouraged, I burrowed further into the tissue paper. "A little cage," I announced, "with green ribbons peeping through, *exactly* the colour of your party-dress. Of all the luck!" I cleared Susan's head, hair-pinned up the edges and placed the cage where it seemed likely to do most good.

"It *belongs*," I said earnestly. "The wicker-work part matches your boots too. And remember, Susan,

it's not only a hat—it's a gesture. It won't protect you from the weather, as your brown felt does; it may, until you get used to it, make you feel a bit of an idiot at the party; but it will definitely show a socially co-operative spirit and close contact with modern trends; and it will emphatically give the lie to the old-established idea that we teachers of mathematics are congenital frumps. And the girls will love it."

Susan, looking rather dazed, gulped once or twice.

"I'll take it," she said.

Susan enjoyed the garden-party. It was the first time for ages that she

had worn a new hat, and it acted like a tonic. Indeed, as we afterwards discovered, she was actually wearing two new hats that had somehow got stuck together; but we kept quiet about that, because we knew that everyone would say it was just the sort of thing a mathematics mistress would do.

"NEW YORK  
PACKED FOR  
THE KING"

"Star" Poster.

He left it behind, though.



"We regret we have no facilities on our vessels to enable passengers to work their way."

## At the Play

### "PYGMALION" (HAYMARKET)

I AM afraid I can never understand some people's anxiety that other people should speak the same language exactly as they do themselves, for so long as the language remains vaguely intelligible it seems to me much more amusing that it should take as richly different paths as possible. Dons may grow warm in the pursuit of pure English, but who dares say with certainty that it is more kindly treated in Kensington or Connemara or a bar-parlour in Somerset? There is nothing absolute about words, which are an ever-changing currency; they are surely not things to be rammed into a test-tube and analysed as if they bore no relation to the men who use them. To my mind dialects have the same unanswerable excuse for survival as rough little local wines and local cheeses—they have grown up in a place and are a natural part of it.

When he wrote this play Mr. SHAW, who himself speaks English magnificently with what, if Dublin is to be taken seriously, is a regrettably foreign accent, was of the opinion that "the reformer England needs to-day is an energetic phonetic enthusiast." In 1912 wireless was no more than a dream; I wonder if he still feels the same, having seen the lamentable way in which broadcasting, like a giant verbal steam-roller, is flattening out all the character of local speech? That this miserable process goes by the loose name of education is to me nothing in its favour, and I cannot think of anything sadder than to hear good townsmen or countrymen uttering a bogus imitation of what can be at its best only a synthetic English accent, under the misapprehension that it is somehow grander and more romantic than the mature historic dialects they are so busily forgetting.

This still extremely entertaining play is really an intellectual farce, for though it cuts quite deep its premises are nonsense. Whatever scientists may be, and one often wonders, retired colonels are never

little innocents gaping at the incredible cynicism of the simplest conventions; and it is impossible to imagine any change of atmosphere which could throw a Cockney flower-girl off her balance. *Eliza* would not have been put upon by *Higgins* for a moment,

formance as *Eliza* is good but not notable. She has the warmth of feeling, the technical equipment to bridge a difficult gap, and, when it comes to that, the diction which the play demands, but she is not entirely successful while *Eliza* is still an unbroken Cockney. Then she overdoes her, losing a part of *Eliza's* natural effect by making too much play with the screwed-up mouth and the adenoids. But the biggest moments, when *Eliza* is holding forth phonetically to old Mrs. Higgins' At-Home, she handles beautifully, and so she does the scene after his slippers have been flung in Higgins' face. Here this production chooses to step down from farce, and Miss RAWLINGS lets *Eliza's* emotions rip.

Apart from two minor criticisms, Mr. BASIL SYDNEY's *Higgins* is excellent. It is a little too consciously eccentric, not sufficiently spontaneous and bearlike, and Mr. SYDNEY, though his speech is clear enough to satisfy the harshest professor, has an occasional trick of tele-scoping it. But his performance has all the dash and variety which it must have to hold the play together, and he manages to make it reasonable, which is saying much, that *Eliza*, in spite of his impossible behaviour, should have liked *Higgins* better than anybody else. Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN, the producer, has decided against *Freddy* as the lucky man, and has added one line to the script which brings *Eliza* back to the drawing-room to ask coyly in what colour the brutish *Higgins* wants his gloves.

The plot is too good and the wit too keen for the play to date; its applications are universal and timeless, and this production shows it off intelligently. Mr. GEORGE MERRITT gives a brilliant sketch of the philosophic dustman, *Alfred Doolittle*; it is the most consistently written character, and he wastes nothing of its possibilities. Mr. LEWIS CASSON lends the *Colonel* a courtesy and distinction which any retired warrior might envy, Miss DORA GREGORY makes *Mrs. Pearce* a likeable dragon, and Miss HELEN HAYE shows *Mrs. Higgins* to be the sort of mamma all professors ought to have. ERIC.



FLASHING REPARTEE

Henry Higgins . . . . . MR. BASIL SYDNEY  
Eliza Doolittle . . . . . MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS

nor would *Higgins* and the *Colonel* have set up their platonic design for living with the blithe gusto of prep-school boys. Does this matter? Not in the least. It is farce, and as such it is mainly played by this cast.

Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS' per-



THE HAPPY UNDESERVING

Alfred Doolittle . . . MR. GEORGE MERRITT

"TO KILL A CAT" (ALDWYCH)

THIS is like *Pyramus and Thisbe*, "a most lamentable comedy," a tragical comedy, or comical tragedy, in which Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE, I presume, has provided the light persiflage and banter, while Mr. HAROLD DEARDEN has provided the ingredients of crime. For rather nasty crime there is in plenty—murder and a great deal more. We see a doctor's criminal negligence, we hear instigations to abortion, and the husband goes off with the wife's secretary, and so on. But we are never meant to take any of it too much to heart. The bottle of cyanide of potassium, intended for the destruction of one of the more amiable characters, Toots the cat, is a symbol, whether it is poured into the right milk or not, of the easy way in which the removal of an undesirable party can be discussed and achieved. The undesirable party, *Lilian Proust* (Miss ENID STAMP TAYLOR) is a tyrannical woman with a great deal of money. Behind an apparent sweetness of disposition she is wholly self-centred and despotic, and everybody dislikes her very much. There is hardly a case for poisoning her, even though her will is being freely handed round the house and being read and discussed with varying degrees of individual disappointment.

What the dramatists have done is to prepare at great length, over three Acts, the prelude to an ordinary detective story. They fill a house with people, all of whom have reason to welcome the death of the murdered woman, and if this were a book we should be, at the final curtain, somewhere about page sixty, with a pretty puzzle before us. But it is not a book but a very extraordinary attempt to mix crime and comedy. The comedy gets and keeps the upper hand, largely because the chief comedian is Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON, as the wastrel *Lessop Crawley*. We are told this witty rascal is back from the Spanish civil war, the side doubtful,

which is only one of the many improbabilities which Mr. MOLLISON carries off so easily. We are always glad when he is on the stage, but we know he will bring the play to his easy irresponsible

that we must not have jokes just at that moment, and that we are sure to have jokes with Mr. MOLLISON on the stage. Very soon we do. It does not really matter, because we have never felt any warmth or tension. The situation has the makings of a good puzzle, but it has not the makings of anything dramatic.

Mr. J. H. ROBERTS gives a good picture of the broken-down and rather rascally doctor, *Raikes*, who is retained as the house-physician chiefly to play bridge, and who stays because the whisky is abundant. At the most solemn moments we are invited to laugh, and we do laugh. When he sits down to make out a bogus death-certificate for his patient he reflects that his negligence has killed the gardener's daughter earlier in the week, and then reflects that anyway the registrar will make no difficulties, because "the registrar knows me so well."

Miss MARGARETTA SCOTT has a part which looks at the beginning rather promising. She is the daughter of a great financial crook and she has been taken on in the house by a typical manoeuvre of *Lilian Proust's*, who judges that she will be more helpless than a person without such a skeleton in her cupboard,

but the part amounts to nothing. Her love-affair with *Mark Proust* (Mr. JOHN LONGDEN) is the most conventional of irregularities. The other love-affair, between *Esmond Proust* (Mr. GREY BLAKE), the son of *Mark*, and *Stella Martin* (Miss ELIZABETH GILBERT), runs less smoothly, and Miss GILBERT gets a great deal of scope to show rage passing into unhappy drunkenness, and a range of emotions with which *Esmond*—who is not impressive and in whose capacities as a brilliant student we find it a little hard to believe—copes as best he can. The most memorable of the minor character-sketches is *Whitton*, the gardener (Mr. JOHN SALEW), a small part very effectively played and bringing a convincing note of realism on to a stage for the most part inhabited by very obvious stage figures. D. W.



INCITEMENT TO KILL

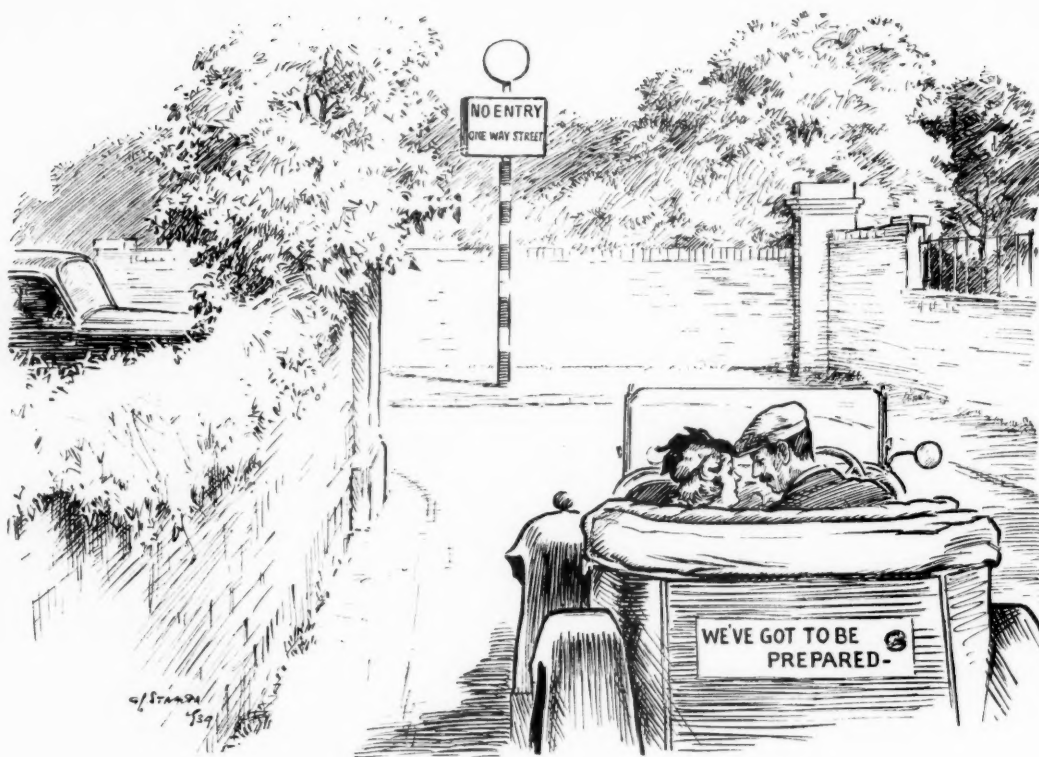
*Lessop Crawley* . . . . . MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON  
*Margaret Fenwick* . . . . . MISS MARJORY CLARK

level. When he appears, for instance, just after the body has been found, we tremble for the dramatists, knowing



THE CAT SCRATCHES

*Mark Proust* . . . . . MR. JOHN LONGDEN  
*Lilian Proust* . . . . . MISS ENID STAMP TAYLOR  
*Ruth Henley* . . . . . MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT



### Dinner on the Train

#### Soup

**W**ILL Fate to-night vouchsafe us something new?  
The wish, still-born, gives way to gentle fury  
As down they slap the good old cup of glue  
Called Lentil *purée*.

#### Fish

Next comes my "portion" from that oval dish:  
Gelatinous, with blue serrated frill,  
The sad apologetic inch of fish  
Described as Brill.

#### Meat

I poke the stupid thing beneath my toast  
And gird me for alternatives that sicken:  
Hashed Veal (the "Seven-Thirties" had it roast)  
Or Main-Line Chicken.

#### Sweet

A blowzy old Blanc-mange of faded pink  
Makes palsied overtures towards my plate;  
I cry that "I will take the Prunes, I think!"  
Too late! Too late!

#### Cheese

Draws to its close the old familiar story,  
With Gorgonzola, Dutch and Cheddar cheese;  
And Solomon, with all his scents and glory,  
Smelt not like these.

#### Fruit

And last, the Apples, Oranges, Bananas  
And—fleeting hope that vanishes in air—  
The fat man in the corner smugly garners  
The only Pear.

#### Coffee

Yet even now that tepid coffee-pot  
Could do so much to make me less unhappy  
If it would only just be either *hot*  
Or—frankly—*frappé*!

\* \* \* \* \*

Why not for once with *crêpes* and *croûtes* make gala?  
A *sole dieppoise*, *daube*, *financière*?  
A *Châteaubriand* soaked in sauce Marsala?  
Something *velouté*, *Béchamel*, *Madère*,  
À la *Soubise*—oh, anything but à la  
*Chemin de fer*!

## Engines Must Condense.

FOR years and years I have wanted to use that title, and now there it is, by gosh.

What goes underneath is a secondary although, I admit, an unavoidable consideration. One thing that makes the problem partly easier and partly more difficult is that I still don't know what the announcement means.

I never tried to find out. I first saw it long ago on a little notice stuck up—I forget how—by the track in or near a railway station, and I have never seen it anywhere else since. I assume that the proportion of my readers aware of its exact significance is not large. Scope is what this gives us, ladies and gentlemen: scope.

First I thought of using it for a novel (everybody thinks first of a novel). It would be, as so many novels are, about a young man who didn't fit in anywhere, owing to his being constantly pursued by an inexorable fate, or Fate. Every now and then this engine (see?) would think he had a clear run ahead of him, all would seem well, and then—*bam!*—the inevitable reminder: he must condense. Nobody else had to keep being pulled up, but it was his dreadful fate to be continually stopping and having to condense. Oh! Alas! Boohoo! Ochoo! *Finis*. "A powerful study of condensation." "Magnificent." "True and tender." "Real and lovely and brave." "Gallant and fine and gay and tragic." "Noble and big and grand and huge and tremendous." "Read this book!" "Pub. 7/6, offd. at 9d."

Can I get you a drink?

IT would also be possible to use the title for a play. I never got any of this play on to paper, or even on to birch-bark (which I often use—nobody is going to beat me in the race away from civilisation), but I have a rough idea of how it might go. It would open of course with a butler or a landlady coming on to the stage and answering the telephone, and there would be a lot of young people in flannels bursting in through the French windows, or a lot of young people in dressing-gowns shuffling downstairs, and ordering tea. Alternatively it might be the one about the man who didn't think he was engaged until his wife thought her divorced husband wasn't coming home from Malaya until the old family solicitor was prevailed upon to wear Sir Charles's false moustache and masquerade as the famous financier whose pretty daughter's newly-married husband's ex-fiancée turned up unexpectedly through one of the fourteen doors. Either of these plays could be called *Engines Must Condense!*—with an exclamation-mark, the only part of a play's title that matters; and one well-known dramatic critic would rather go to see either of them, however badly it was done, than a good film. This is the sort of thing that keeps up the prestige of the theatre.

I'm not saying *Engines Must Condense* might not be a film too; but only after it had succeeded as a novel or a play. No producer would use that title cold.

It might do for a documentary, of course, about engines. There all the engines would be, condensing: an impressive sight. The camera could do fine things with the clouds of steam that I'm sure would be involved. But not knowing what sort of figure engines cut while they condense I can't go into details.

THEN there is verse. For some time I considered writing a poem of which the words were to be the refrain. Lean back in your basket-chair on the verandah and listen, while the age-old moon stalks hand in hand against its

age-old background of love and hate, and faint, far-off and clear comes the sound of someone letting the bath overflow.

*Directors round their tables  
May swell without offence;  
No horse in railway stables  
Need slim in any sense;  
No one asks guard or porter  
Or steward or postal sorter  
To grow less stout or shorter;  
But engines must condense.*

What do you say—Swinburne? Coventry Patmore? E. E. Cummings? or just "Rotten"?

That was just one stanza; there were to be a lot more. There would be a lot more, only I haven't written them. I don't suppose they ever will get written, now. Sad words of tongue or pen, don't you think?

Considered as a title, almost any form or group of words has immense possibilities; but it really does seem to me that "Engines Must Condense" is particularly rich in them. Why, it would do for an opera, even, pronounced *En-gee-naze Moost Con-den-say*. This would be about the young Engines, probably a High Priest in disguise, who did a good turn to a beggar who was really a mighty Duke in disguise. One day, while sticking his sword aimlessly through bales of wool in disguise, he had the misfortune to kill Condense, the lovely daughter of the Duke, who swore vengeance in a very popular aria. In fact there would be a lot of singing and music and one thing and another, and probably a Burgomaster and a nunnery about somewhere too.

Oh, well. This way at least I get rid of it quickly.

R. M.



"Now this is your last chance to finish your lovely sago and milk, otherwise Daddy will drink it all up."

## Political Notes

General Election? When?

**M**ORE than one British statesman has remarked that it depends on Herr Hitler whether a General Election is held in the coming autumn; and this announcement raises some teasing constitutional questions. It is not intended, we understand, that the German Chancellor should actually be asked to dissolve Parliament and issue the writs of summons, though there is much to be said for this from the point of view of convenience and clarity. How exactly, then, will Herr Hitler's pleasure be expressed? A formula, it is understood, is now being hammered out.

\* \* \*

The Lord Public Seal, in a speech at Merthyr-Tydfil on Saturday, referred to the General Election problem, and said that it was not proposed by any responsible person that Herr Hitler should issue the writs. The point was that if Britain began a General Election that would be Germany's opportunity to start something else. A General Election, as a rule, occupied many weeks, including all the time between the dissolution of the old Parliament and the setting to work of the new. During that time Ministers and Members might be distracted from the business of defeating the enemy by

the necessity of defeating each other. The conclusion was that, until it was quite certain that there would be no enemy, there could be no General Election.

\* \* \*

Mr. Ambleforth, M.P., replying to the Lord Public Seal at Stoke Poges on Sunday, said that if the Lord Public Seal's argument were accepted, there was no better prospect that the situation would be settled enough for a General Election next year than this. Hitler might live a long time. It followed therefore that next year Parliament would have to pass an Act extending its own life by twenty or thirty years. The next thing, no doubt, would be to increase their salaries to £1,200 a year. But why not? The life was hard and the mortality high. There might even be an Act to make the present Parliament permanent. Nobody could stop that except the King, by dissolving Parliament. But perhaps he would.

\* \* \*

"Not a bad thing at all," riposted Mr. Tease, M.P., to Mr. Ambleforth, at Bristol on Monday, "a permanent Parliament. But quite unnecessary. I am speaking 'away from my books,' but I believe that the Proclamation that a

new Parliament is to be summoned can follow immediately the dissolution of the old one; and polling-day can be nine days later. If that is so, a General Election need take up a very short time only. As a rule, I know, there is a considerable interval between the Election and the getting to work. The Cabinet have to be got together, the King's Speech prepared, and so on. But the main reason for the 'interval' is that everybody is exhausted by the length and labours of the Election. What one ought to be considering, therefore, is not Longer Parliaments, but Shorter Elections."

\* \* \*

Colonel Sir Berkeley Fulkes-Jones, M.P., made a sharp retort to Mr. Tease yesterday. Mr. Tease, he said, did not seem to realise the value of the personal touch in Parliamentary elections. He (Sir Berkeley) had a constituency covering hundreds of square miles, containing sixty thousand electors and many thousands of babies. How was he to present himself and his policy effectively to all these in a mere eight days (one of which, presumably, would be a Sunday)? During an election campaign it was his custom to address five or six meetings a day. Some of them, it was true, consisted of three women and a boy, two deaf; but still the people liked to see him; and if people liked the look of people it got about among other people. That was the way elections were won—but it all took time.

\* \* \*

Mr. Wallop, replying to Sir Berkeley Fulkes-Jones to-day, said he was out-of-date. Modern communications were now so swift and efficient that it was absurd to rely any more on such old-fashioned methods of propaganda and persuasion as meetings in draughty school-rooms and the embracing of wet babies. Even with his endless meetings, Sir Berkeley did not make "personal contact" with more than a fraction of his constituents. Was it worth the trouble, expense—and time? University Members get along (and get in) with no meetings at all—why not others? His advice was—cut out most of the meetings and the canvassing, and rely more on the printed word, the wireless and the pools. Then you could run a General Election in three or four days. Sir Berkeley would say, no doubt, that the people could not be reached by the written word. They could be reached all right by anyone who had something to say that interested them. Look at the Football Pools!

A. P. H.



"Yoo-hoo! Am I late?"



*"Don't you think, 'Arry, that if a pro's good enough to play for England, the least the M.C.C. could do is to make 'im a bloomin' amachoor?"*

### Pets

ONCE we had a little retriever,  
But it bit our beaver,  
Which had already bitten  
Our Siamese kitten,  
Which had not been pleasant  
To our golden pheasant.  
The pheasant took a dislike to Laura,  
Our Angora,  
Who left her hairs  
On the Louis Quinze chairs  
And her paws  
On one of our jackdaws,

Who were not being nice  
To our white mice,  
Who were openly rude  
To our bantam brood,  
Whose beaks were too sharp  
For our golden carp,  
Who were on rotten terms  
With our silk-worms,  
Who were swallowed up  
By our retriever pup,  
Who consequently died  
With all that silk inside.

Then we knew we'd have to buy  
Something so high  
And stout and strong it  
Would let nobody wrong it;  
So we bought a hyena,  
Which, though it ate my sister  
Lena  
And some embroidery off the  
shelf,  
Remained intact itself  
And has not yet died,  
So that our choice was justified.



### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Table-Talk and Terror

As early as July, 1789, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS was already declaring that KING LOUIS XVI, "to get fairly out of the Scrape in which he finds himself, would subscribe to any Thing." The famous American record—*A Diary of The French Revolution, 1789-93* (HARRAP, 42/-)—now released in all its prodigious length for the first time, edited and brilliantly annotated by BEATRIX CARY DAVENPORT, peters out with the King's final failure at the guillotine to find a solution. MORRIS, United States ambassador, saw the whole fantastic drama at close quarters, and although his diary is a strange mixture of tragedy and triviality, in which financial notes on deals in tobacco, the vagaries of his digestion, caustic commentary on exalted personages, bits of thoroughly bad verse and sidelights on his way of handling the exacting ladies of his acquaintance mingle on equal terms with cruel tales of murder and madness (even the most tumultuous day's entries are always concluded by a comment on the weather), yet it is clear that his personal part in attempting to steady the wild swing of events was both courageous and significant. These two volumes cover so much and miss so much that their literary interest is necessarily limited, but they must remain as something more than an historical curiosity. LA FAYETTE, trained in America under WASHINGTON, and lacking nothing but the iron of NAPOLEON, emerges as the hero who only just failed.

### Black and White

In *Red Strangers* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6), Mrs. ELSPEETH HUXLEY tells in novel-form the story, as she puts it, "of white influence as it appeared to one family of one tribe in one small district in one part of Africa." The narrative is based on information derived from many years' association with the tribes on the outskirts of Kenya and on intimate talks with natives who could recall the times when their land had not been conquered by white men. It is extra-

ordinarily interesting, because with no intention of partisanship Mrs. HUXLEY presents this family entirely from the native standpoint, and we get a very vivid picture of bewilderment at the sun-bronzed stranger's curious views and doings. The actual "conquest" of the country, for instance, by some great king far away. How and when did this come about? No warriors were seen. No cattle were captured. Then there is the District Commissioner who insists on punishing a native who has killed another in a blood feud, an offence easily to be expiated under native jurisdiction by the handing over of a few goats. The punishment is labour on the white men's land. Why, it is asked, should the white man get all the advantage when he has had no hand in the quarrel? And again, in relation to the D.C.'s lawn: Why, when the grass is long and finer than any in the district, does he cut it and throw it away instead of letting cows eat it? And why, if he wants it short, does he water it to make it grow long?

### An Eton Boy

"I came into school with a quantity of derivations for which I have ever since been termed, 'What a sap!'" So wrote JAMES MILNES GASKELL to his mother in 1824; and so conceivably might a small boy write to-day, but disapproval of industry would not be shown by enclosing the sap in a corner and throwing large bricks and stones at him. The boy—*An Eton Boy, 1820-1830* (CONSTABLE, 10/-)—was doubtless something of a prig. "You cannot imagine," he wrote, "how savage the boys are and how anxious in a body to stop the improvement of the mind." He perhaps too ostentatiously disapproved of swearing and of endless conversations about Tom Spring and Langan. He thought his fellows spent too much money on ices after cricket, and—a truly remarkable trait—refused a tip when the great CANNING kindly pressed one on him. He was cruelly bullied,



"Match-Card?"

and narrated his sufferings and the vagaries of Dr. KEATE with a sort of spritely patience. It is pleasant to know that his misery did not endure. He was elected to Pop, then called the Society of the Literati, and made friends with GLADSTONE and HALLAM. His heart had always been in the House of Commons, and now he could make speeches in this parliament in miniature. He made one on the Irish question "against England" which lasted three quarters of an hour. When he left Eton, with the Union at Oxford a blissful prospect, he could talk of the many happy hours that he had spent there. Like a grateful little sundial, he had only counted the sunny ones.

### Memories of the Months

J. OLIVER WILSON here has made

A book for wayfarers, every one;  
He calls it *Nature's Cavalcade*;

His publisher's JOHN HAMILTON;

He shows the year, a pageant fit,

From two-faced Janus at the door

Until the Hunter's Moon is lit

And Winter has his way once more.

We meet the men of the countryside,  
Poacher, shepherd and husband-  
man;

Now is the moor in an August pride,  
Now snow-wreaths crown a Gram-  
pian;

The buttercup burgeons, the oak is  
thinned,

A fox goes darkling, a plough-team  
ploughs,

The peregrine climbs on a western wind,  
A siskin sits in the alder-boughs.

And we, with a sportsman-naturalist,  
May watch the seasons return full  
wheel,

And little's omitted that might be  
missed,

You'll say, as the days run off the  
reel;

For this book's a medley of country  
things,

Of nutshell knowledge and thumb-  
nail view,

It's every day and its happenings,

And I've enjoyed it and so will you.

### Mad Sad World

Before *Sylvia Savage* had been more than a day or two at Humbug Hall she must have felt that the *Cheshire Cat's* opinion, "I'm mad, you're mad, we're all mad here," was true of other places than Wonderland. *Sylvia* went as secretary to a peace propagandist—a woman who made much ado but did very little. In the household was a daughter who was not so synthetic



### JUBILEE TIME

*Sweeper (surprised at receiving a Shilling). "THANK YER 'ONOUR, AN' MAY THE BLISSSED SAINTS PAY YER BACK A THOUSAND THOIMES!"*

*City Croesus (having "done the sum"). "PHOOUGH! ON'Y FIFTY POUNDS!"*

Charles Keene, June 25th, 1887

as she looked, a son who had written a "stark" book, a very, very nasty little husband and a butler who was not a butler. Mr. HILTON BROWN has mingled satire with farce, humour with tragedy, and inconsequence with bitterness in a startling but very effective way. The bitterness begins when *Sylvia's* employer takes her to Rome and Vienna during the September crisis and she falls in love with a young Jew, who has had dreadful prison experiences in Vienna. But whether you like the book because it is funny or because it is sad or because it is both, you are bound to agree that *Humbug Hall* (BLES, 7/6) has an excellent plot and is one of Mr. HILTON BROWN's very best books.

### A Traveller With Leisure

*Eastern Visas* (COLLINS, 12/6) is the story of a remarkable journey by Miss AUDREY HARRIS, who had time to linger and was determined to cut through the cheerful veil of Anglo-Eastern custom. She seems to have a blessed flair for getting quickly on natural terms with shy peoples; she has an admirably inquiring mind and a gift for description. The trip began with a wooden berth across Siberia and, going round by Manchukuo, Korea, Japan, China, Bali, Northern India, Tibet and Afghanistan, she came back by Moscow. Whenever she could she travelled "hard," and though she is far from boasting, many of her experiences would have brought pallor to the cheeks of some of those who describe themselves so blithely as having "journeyed extensively in the Far East." China completely won her heart, in spite of her grave social handicap of physical inability to salute the peaks of hospitality with the erudition of courtesy. Buddhism as a complement to Christianity captured her imagination. The Japanese she found a bewildering mix-up of gay sensibility and appalling officialdom. "It is one of the neat adjustments of Providence," she writes, "that they are very poor linguists." One of her most staggering discoveries was a Rugger match between Mongolia and Tibet.

### Haunted Castle

It is refreshing to come across fiction as romantic as *Double Entry* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), even though the touch that would have turned an entertaining experiment into a distinguished novel is absent. A château in France is inhabited by a ruthless archæologist and his naïve, beautiful, suburban-minded wife—WILKIE COLLINS types, both of them. *Veronica* is discovered to be possessed by occult powers luring her back into the past—powers which *Piers* naturally invokes as a convenient adjunct to research. It is nothing to him that *Isabeau*, into whose fifteenth-century ghost *Veronica's* wandering spirit merges itself, is an unprincipled wanton, or that his own antiquarian

friend the *Curé* discourages the experiment as dangerous. Miss CONSTANCE RUTHERFORD saves herself a world of trouble by letting *Veronica* disclaim any detailed impression of the dialogue, dress and manners of *Isabeau's* day. Yet a stiffening of precise research is exactly what the visions need. Nor can one believe that even in France the legal aspect of her *dénouement* would have been suffered to pass muster. A genuine flair for the fantastic such as hers should not, one feels, allow its public so many loopholes for incredulity.

### Clever Combination

The attention of anyone in search of a well-devised story of crime and detection may assuredly be drawn to *Cast Iron Alibi* (JENKINS, 7/6). Mr. DON BETTERIDGE, indeed, deserves more than a perfunctory word of praise, because he has not only managed to break new ground in the telling of his tale but also has given the reader a real chance to spot a discrepancy which, if discovered, must lead the way to a correct solution of the mystery. Perhaps his

coroner's behaviour is almost incredibly asinine, but it is the habit of many sensational novelists to hold up coroners as well as chief constables to unrestrained ridicule. For the most part, however, Mr. BETTERIDGE's characterisation is free from exaggeration, and he must also be numbered among the successful producers of atmospheric effects. This yarn, without putting a severe tax upon our intelligence, does supply a brace of interesting conundrums.



"Do you still love me, Mother?"

### A Friend in Need

Mr. PETER CHEYNEY's literary style may not be entirely free from mannerisms, but in spite of them the nine episodes that are included in *Knave Takes Queen* (COLLINS, 7/6) go far to prove that the art of telling a short story is still alive, if not absolutely flourishing, in England. In creating the fantastic figure of *Mr. Krasinsky*, who was as happy in turning up at the opportune moment as he was in disappearing when no longer required, Mr. CHEYNEY has drawn a character that his readers will always be glad to remember, for dear old *Krasinsky* undoubtedly had a way with him. The first three places among these nine tales can be allotted to "Pastoral Blackmail," "The Vengeance of Hyacinth Jones" and "A Delay in the Post"; but whether Mr. CHEYNEY does or does not amuse you it is almost certain that you will find him the possessor of considerable ingenuity and of an impudence that is in no small measure attractive.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Baseless Biography* (CONSTABLE, 5/-), a volume of "Clerihears" by their great originator Mr. E. C. BENTLEY, with pictures by Mr. NICOLAS BENTLEY. Many of the verses and drawings appeared in these pages last year.

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in "PUNCH" is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This Periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.